

**A Remarkable Dream**

Many stories are told of children, but this strikes me as a remarkable one in many ways, not the least of which is that it is true.

This child was allowed to sit up one evening when there were guests at dinner. The child was five years old.

Her grandmother was her special guardian in matters of conduct, and toward the middle of the dinner feeling that the child had been up longer than was good for her, told her that she must say good night and go up to bed.

The child did not show any ill-temper. She had been well brought up and left the table without protest.

But the next morning at breakfast she complained to her mother that she had had such a terrible dream. Her mother and her grandmother tried to get her to tell what it was, but she hesitated. She did not want to tell her dream. Finally she said: "I dreamed that I was dead."

Her mother was worried and asked her to tell the rest of her dream.

"I dreamed that I was dead, and I went up to heaven and knocked at the gate and then some one came to the gate and he had the keys in his hand, and so I knew it must be St. Peter" (the child had Bible instruction) "and St. Peter said, 'Well little girl, what do you want here?' and I said 'I died and I have come up to heaven.' and St. Peter said: 'I am sorry, little girl, but heaven's full. There isn't any room for you.'"

So I went away and then I went down to hell and knocked at the door. A man came to open the door, and he was very nice-looking "well," he said, "little girl, what are you coming here for?" and I said, "I died and went up to heaven and St. Peter said he couldn't let me in, and all that sort of thing, so I came here."

And the man was very

nice. He said: "we'll find room for you, little girl; we have a good many people here, but we will find some place for you." "So I went in and it seemed to be quite a pleasant place, and there were a good many people there. It didn't seem to be a very uncomfortable place, and the man took me to a room where there was a lounge against the wall and he said "You can sit here on the lounge for a little while,

but you can't stay very long because we are saving this lounge for your grandmother."

Well there was nothing to be said. It was her dream. They couldn't punish her. They just had to let it go. But I've never believed it was a dream.

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If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley, but be  
The best little scrub at the side of the hill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.  
If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,  
Some highway to happier make;  
If you can't be a muskie, then just be a bass—  
But the liveliest bass in the lake!  
We can't all be captains, some have to be the crew.  
There's something for all of us here;  
There's big work to do and there's lesser to do,  
And the task we must do is near.  
If you can't be a highway, then just be a trail;  
If you can't be a sun, be a star.  
It isn't by the size that you win or you fail—  
Be the best of whatever you are.

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**Which, What and Why**

How is the only way a leopard can change his spots? By going from one spot to another.

Why are teeth like verbs? Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

What is that which the more you take away from it the larger it grows? A hole.

Why were gloves never meant to sell? Because they were meant to be kept on hand.

**They Need To.**

The following inscription appears on an old tombstone in New England:

"Here lies Jonathan Steele: Good and upright citizen. Weight 250 Pounds. Open Wide ye Golden gates."

**Freak Want "Ads."**

Contributed by an observer—"If John Jones who deserted his wife and child twenty years ago, will return, said baby will knock his block off.

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